DIANA.

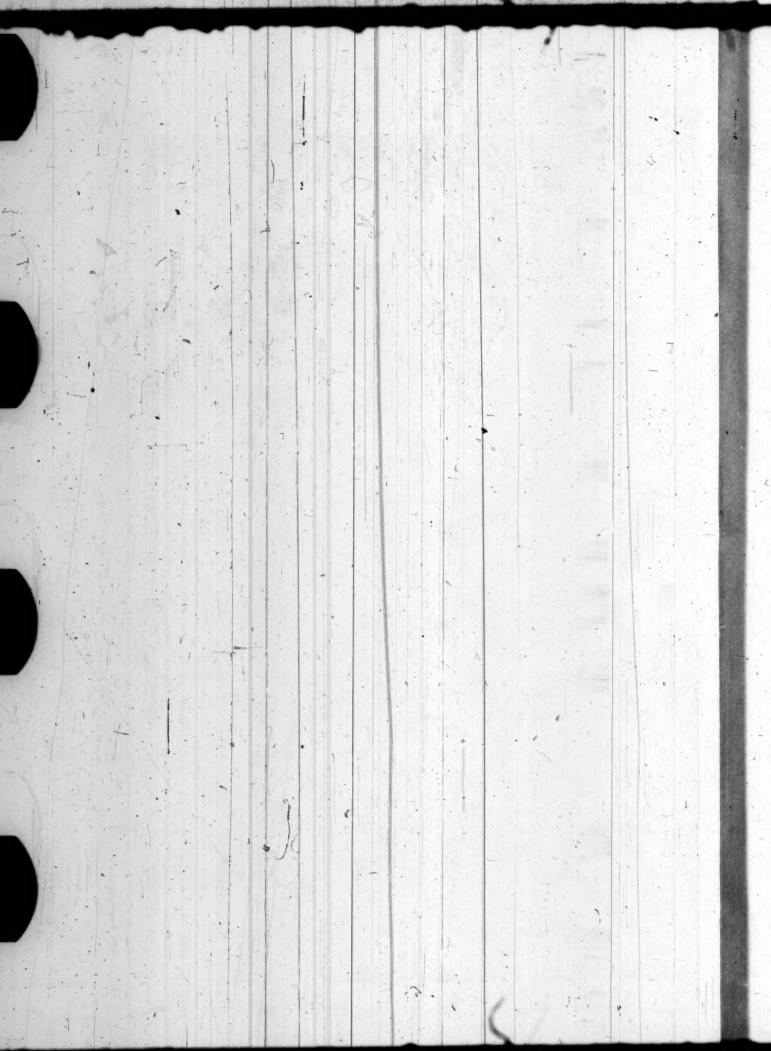
OR,
The excellent conceitful Sonnets
of H. C. Augmented with divers
Quarorzains of honorable and
lerned personages.

Deuided into viij. Decads.

Vincitur a facibus, qui iscet ipfe faces.



Printed by Iames Roberts for Richard Smith.





THE PRINTER TO the Reader.

Bscur'd wonders (gentlemen,) visited me in Turnus armor, and I in regard of Aeneas honour, haue vnclouded them vnto the

worlde: you are that Vniuerie, you that Aeneas, if you finde Pallas gyrdle, murder them, if not inviron'd with barbarizme, faue them, and eternitie will prayle you.

Vale.



VNTO HER MAIEsties sacred honorable Maydes.

Perpetuall Imins that conquer Death and Ime,
Perpetuall Advocates in Heaven and Earth,
Fayre, chaft, imaculat, and all dinine,
Glorious alone, before the first mans byoth:
Tou two-fold C R A R I T E S, celeftiall lights,
Bow your Sup-rysing eyes, Planets of toy,
Poon these Orphan Poems: in whose rights,
Concest first claymed his byoth-right to entoy.
If pittifull, you shun the song of Death,
Or seare the staine of Loues life-dropping blood,
O know then you are pure, and purer fryth,
Shall still been white, the slower, the fruste, and had.
Love moveth all things, you that love, shall move all things in him: and he in you shall love.

RICHARD SMYTH.

The first Decad.

SONNET. 1.

Resolu'd to loue, vaworthy to obtaine,
I doe no fauour craue; but humble wise
to thee my sighes in verse I sacrifise;
onely some pitty, and no helpe to gaine.
Heare then, and as my hart shall aye remaine
a patient object to thy lightning eyes:
a patient eare bring thou to thundring eryes;
feare not the cracke, when I the blow sustaine.
So, as thine eye bred mine ambitious thought,
so shall thine eare make proud my soyce for ioy a
lo (Deere) what wonders great by thee are wrought
when I but little fauours doe enjoy.
The voyce is made the eare for to rejoyce:
And your eare giveth pleasure to my voyce.



THE PROPERTY OF THE PARTY OF TH

SONNET. 11.

B Lame not my hart for flying vp too hie, fith thou art cause that it this flight begunne; for earthly vapours drawne vp by the Sunne:

Comets begun, and night sunnes in the skie.

Mine humble hart, so with thy heavenly eie drawne vp alost, all low desires doth shunne:

raise then me vp, as thou my hart hast done, so during night, in heaven remaine may I.

Ifay againe, blame not my high desire, sith of vs both the cause thereof depends:

in thee doth thine, in me doth burne a fire, fire drawes vp other, and it selse ascends.

Thine eye a fire, and so drawes vp my loue:

My loue a fire, and so ascends aboue.

Fly





SONNET. III.

F Ly low deere Loue, thy Sunne dooft thou not fee?
take heede, doe not so neere his raves aspyre:
least (for thy pride, inflam'd with wreakful ire)
it burne thy wings; is it hath burned me.
Thou (haply) saist, thy wings immortall bee,
and so cannot consumed be with fire:
the one is Hope, the other is defire,
and that the heavens bestow'd them both on thee.
A Muses words made thee with Hope to flye,
an Angels sace Desire hath begot,
thy selfe engendred by a Goddesse eye:
yet for all this, immortall thou art not.
Of heavenly eye though thou begotten art.

Yet art thou borne but of a mortall hart.
B 2





SONNET. IIII.

A Friend of more, pittying my hopelesse loue, hoping (by killing hope) my loue to slay.

Let not (quoth he) thy hope thy hart betray, impossible at is her hart to moue.

But sith resoluted lone cannot remove, as long as thy divine perfections stay: thy Godhead then he sought to take away.

Deere seeke revenge, and him a lyar prove.

Gods onely doe impossibilities, impossible (saith he) thy grace to gaine: show there the power of thy divinities, by graunting me thy favour to obtaine.

So shall thy foe give to himselfe the lie:

A Goddesse thou shalt prove, and happy I.

Thine





SONNET. V.

Thine eye the glasse where I behold my hart, mine eye the window through the which thine eye may see my hart, and there thy selfe espy in bloody cullours how thou painted art.

Thine eye the pyle is of a murdering dart, mine eye the sight thou tak it thy leuell by to hit my hart, and neuer shootes awry, mine eye thus helpes thine eye to worke my smart. Thine eye a fire is both in heate and light, mine eye of seares a river doth become:

oh that the water of mine eyes had might to quench the stames y from thine eyes doth come.

Or that the fire kindled by thine eye,

I he slowing streames of mine eyes could make drie.

B 3





SONNET. VI.

Inceye with all the deadly sinnes is fraught,

1. First proud, sith it presum'd to looke to hie;

a watchman being made, stoode gazing by,

2. and sdle, tooke no heede till I was caught:

3. And enusous, beares enuse that by thought
should in his absence be to her so nie:

to kill my harr, mine eye let in her eye,

4. and so consent gane to a murther wrought:

5. And coverous, it never would remove
from her faire haire, gold so doth please his sight:

6. Guehaff, a baude betweene my hart and love:

7: a eluston eye, with teares drunke every night.

These sinnes procured have a Goddesse ire:

Wherfore my hart is damn'd in Loues sweet fire.

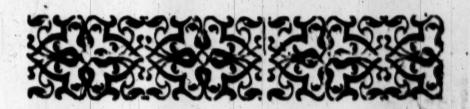
Falflie



SONNET. VII.

F Alfly doth enuie of your praises blame my tongue, my pen, my hart of flattery because I said there was no sunne but thee, it call'd my tongue the partiall trumpe of Fame; And faith my pen hath flattered thy name, because my pen did to my tongue agree; and that my hart must needs a flatterer bee, which taught both tongue & pen to lay the fame. No, no, I flatter not, when thee I call the funne, fith that the funne was neuer fisch a but when the funne thee I compar'd withall, doubtles the funne I flattered too much. Witnes mine eyes I fay the trueth in this : They have seene thee, and know that so it is

Much





SONNET. VIII.

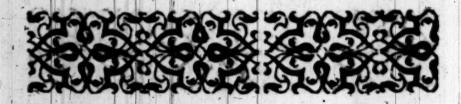
MVch forrow in it selfe my loue doth mone, more my dispaire, to loue a hopelesse blisse; my folly most, to loue whom sure to misse; oh helpe me but this last greese to remoue.

All paines if you commaund, it ioy shall proue, and wisedome to seeke ioy: then say but this; because my pleasure in thy torment is, I doe dommaund thee without hope to loue.

So, when this thought my forrow shall augment, that my owne folly did procure my paine, then shall I say to give my selfe content, obedience onely made me loue in vaine.

It was your will, and not my want of wit: I have the paine, beare you the blame of it.



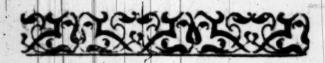




SONNET. IX.

because to see her lips, they blush for shame:
the Lyllies leaves (for enuic) pale became,
and her white hands in them this enuic bred.
The Marigold the leaves abroad doth spred,
because the sunnes, and her power is the same:
the Violet of purple cullour came,
di'd in the blood shee made my hart to shed.
In briefe, all flowers from her their vertue take;
fro her sweet breath, their sweet smels do proceede,
the living heate which her eye beames doth make,
warmeth the ground, and quickeneth the seede!
The raine wherewith shee watereth the flowers,
Falls from mine eyes, which she dissolves in showers.
Heraulds





SONNET. VIII.

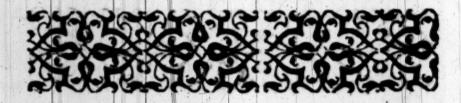
MVch forrow in it selfe my loue doth move, more my dispaire, to loue a hopelesse blisse; my folly most, to loue whom sure to misse; oh helpe me but this last greefe to remoue.

All paines if you command, it ion shall prove.

All paines if you commaund, it ioy shall proue, and wiscome to seeke ioy: then say but this; because my pleasure in thy torment is, I doe dommaund thee without hope to love. So, when this thought my forrow shall augment,

that my owne folly did procure my paine, then thall I say to give my selfe content, obedience onely made me love in vaine. It was your will, and not my want of wit: I have the paine, beare you the blame of it.







SONNET. IX.

MY Ladies presence makes the Roses red,
because to see her lips, they blush for shame:
the Lyllies leaves (for enuic) pale became,
and her white hands in them this enuic bred.

The Marigold the leaves abroad doth spred,
because the sunnes, and her power is the same:
the Violet of purple cullour came,
di'd in the blood shee made my hart to shed.

In briefe, all slowers from her their vertue take;
fro her sweet breath, their sweet smels do proceede,
the living heate which her eye beames doth make,
warmeth the ground, and quickeneth the seede!

The raine wherewith shee watereth the flowers,
Falls from mine eyes, which she dissolves in showers.

Heraulds





SONNET. X.

Heraulds at armes doe three perfections quote, to wit, most faire, most ritch, most glittering: so when those three concurre within one thing, needes must that thing of honor be a note.

Lately I did behold a ritch faire coate,
which wished Fortune to mine eyes did bring,
a lordly coate, yet worthy of a King,
in which one might all these persections note.

A field of Lyllies, roles proper bare,
two starres in chiefe, the Crest was waves of gold,
how glittering twas, might by the starres appeare,
the Lillies made it faire for to behold.

And ritch it was as by the gold appeareth, But happy he that in his armes it weareth.







The fecond Decad.

SONNET. 1.

I F true loue might true loues reward obtaine,
dumbe wonder onely might speake of my ioy:
but too much worth hath made thee too much coy
and told me long agoe, I sigh'd in vaine.

Not then vaine hope of vndeserued gaine,
hath made me paint in verses mine annoy:
but for thy pleasure, that thou might'st enioy
thy beauties praise, in glasses of my paine.

See then thy selfe (though me thou wilt not heare)
by looking on my verse: for paine in verse,
loue doth in paine, beautie in loue appeare.
so, if thou wouldst my verses meaning see,
Expound them thus, when I my loue rehearse;
None loues like him; that is, None faire like mee.



SONNET. 11.

T may be, Loue my death doth not pretend, although he shoots at mee: but thinks it sit thus to bewitch thee for my benefit, causing thy will to my wish condiscend.

For Witches which some murther doe intend, doe make a picture, and doe shoote at it; and in that part where they the picture hit, the parties selfe doth languish to his end.

So Loue too weake by force thy hart to taint, within my hart thy heavenly shape doth paint: suffring therein his arrowes to abide, onely to then he might by witches arte, Within my hart pierce through thy pictures side, And through thy pictures side might wound my hart.

The





SONNET. 111.

THE Sunne his iourney ending in the West, taking his lodging up in Thesis bed, though from our eyes his beames be banished, yet with his light th' Anispeder be blest.

Now when the sun time brings my Sunne to rest, (which mee too oft of rest hath hindered) and whiter skinne with white sheete coursed, and softer cheeke doth on soft pillow rest:

Then I (oh Sunne of sunnes, and light of lights) wish mee with those Antipedes to be, which see and seele thy beames & heate by nights. Well though the night both cold and darksome is, Yet halfe the dayes delight the night graunts mee:

I seele my Sunnes heate, though his light I misse,





SONNET. IIII.

A die in beautie and in fauour rare,
of fauour (not of due) I fauour craue:
nature to thee Beauty and fauour gaue:
faire then thou art, and fauour thou maift spare.
Nor when on mee bestow'd your fauours are,
lesse fauour in your face you shall not haue:
if fauour then a wounded soule may saue,
of murthers guilt (deere Lady) then beware.
My losse of life a million fold were lesse,
than the least losse should vnto you befall:
yet graunt this gyst, which gift when I possesse,
both I haue life, and you no losse at all.
For by your Fauour onely I doe liue:
And fauour you may well both keepe and giue.





SONNET. V.

MY Reason absent, did mine eyes require
to watch and ward, and such foes to descrie
as they should neere my hart approching spie:
but traitor eyes my harts death did conspire,
(Corrupted with Hopes gy sts) let in Desire
to burne my hart: and sought no remedy,
though store of water were in eyther eye;
which well imployed, might wel have quencht the
Reason return'd, Love and Fortune made (fire.
Iudges, to iudge mine eyes to punishment:
Fortune, sith they by sight my hart betraid,
from wished sight adjuded them banishment:
Love, sith by fire murdred my hart was sound,
Adjudged them in teares for to be drownd.

Wonder





SONNET. VI.

Onder it is, and pittie ift, that shee
in whom all beauties treasure we may finde,
that may enrich the body and the mind,
towards the poore should vie no charitie.

My loue is gone a begging vnto thee,
and if that Beauty had not beene more kind
then Pittie, long ere this he had beene pinde:
but Beautie is content his foode to bee.

Oh pittie haue, when such poore Orphans beg;
Loue (naked boy) hath nothing on his backe,
and though he wanteth neither arme nor leg,
yet maim'd he is, sith he his sight doth lacke.

And yet (though blinde) he beautie can behold:
And yet (though nak'd) he feeles more heate than cold.

Pittie





SONNET. VII.

a begger staru'd for want of helpe he lies; and at your mouth (the doore of Beauty) cries, that thence some almes of sweete grants might pro-But as he waiteth for some almet-docde, (ccede a cherrie tree before the doors he spies; oh deere (quoth he) two cherries may suffise, two onely may saue life in this my neede.

But beggers, can they naught but cherries eate?

Pardon my Loue, he is a Goddesse some, and neuer feedeth but on daintie meate, els neede he not to pine as he hath done?

For onely the sweet fruite of this sweete tree,

Can giue soode to my Loue, and life to mee.





SONNET. VIII.

THE Fouler hides (as closely as he may)
the net, where caught the fillie bird should be,
least he the threatning pryson should but see,
and so for feare be fore d to flye away.

My Lady so, the while shee doth aslay
in curled knots fast to entangle me,
put on her vaile, so th'end I should not flee
the golden net, wherein I am a pray.

Alas (most sweet) what neede is of a net,
to catch a byrd, that is already tane?

Sith with your hand alone you may it get,
for it desires to flie into the same.

What neede such arte, my thoughts then to intrap.
When of themselves they slye into your lap.

Sweck





SO.N.NET. IX.

S Weet hand the fweet, but eruell bowe show art, from whence at mee fine ynorie arrottes files fo with fine woundes at once I wounded lie, bearing my brest the print of every dart.

Saint Fraunces had the like, yet selt no smart; where I in living torments never die; his woundes were in his hands and feete, where I all these side helpletse wounds feele in my hart.

Now (as Saint Frances) is a saint am I, the bowe that shot these shafts a reliquois:

I meane the hand, which is the reason why so many for devotion thee would killes.

And some thy glove kille, as a thing divine.

This arrowes quintr, and this reliquos shrives.





SONNET. X.

Aire Sunne, if you wold have me praise your light, when sight approcheth, wherfore doe you flie? Time is so short, Beauties so many be, as I have neede to see them day and night:

That by continuall view, my vertes might tell all the beames of your divinitie; which praise to you, and soy should be to mee, you living by my verse, I by your sight.

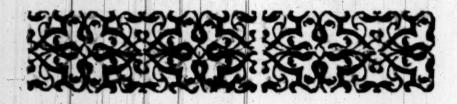
I by your sight, and net you by my verse?

neede mortall skill immertall praise rehearse?

no, no, chough eyes were blind, & verse were dumbyour beautic shold be seene, & your same known.

For by the winde which from my sighes doe come, Your praises round about the world is blowne.

The





The thyrd Decad.

SONNET. I.

but dooft presume my decrest to molest?
and without leave do it enter in that brest,
whereto sweet Loue approch yet never dar'd?

Spare thou her health, which my life hath not spar'd,
too bitter such sevenge of my varest;
although with wrongs my thought shee hath opmy wrongs seeke not revenge, they crave reward.

Cease Sicknesse, coase in her then to remaine,
and come and welcome, harbour thou in me;
whom Love long since hath taught to suffer paine.
So shee which hath so oft my paine increast,

(Oh God, that I might so revenged be.)

By my poore paine, might have her paine releast.





SONNET. 11.

The scourge of life, and deather extreame disgrace, the smooke of hell, that monster called paine, long shared to be accurst in every place, by them who of his rude resert complaine:

Like catife wretch by time and trauell taught, his ough ills in others good to hide, late harbours in her face, whom nature wrought as treasure house where her best gifts abide.

And so by prinsledge of sacred seate,

(a seatewhere beauty shares, and vertue raignes,) he hopes for some small praise, since the hath great, within her beames wrapping his cited staines.

Ah saucie Paine, let not thine error last,

More louing eyes thee drawes, more hate thou hast.





SONNET. III.

Wy Oe, woe to me, on met returne the fright, my burning tongue hath bred my Meftres paine, for oft in paine to paine my painfull hare with her due praise, didit of my flare complaine. I praise her eyes whom never change doth mone, her breath, which makes a fower auniwere fweet, her milken breafts, the nurle of child-like loue, her legs (ô legs) her day well stepping feete. Paine heard her praise, and full of inward fire, first fayling up my hart (as pray of his) hee fives to her and boldned with defire, her face (this ages praise) the theefe doth kiffe. O Paine, I now recant the praife I gaue, And sweare shee is not worthy thee to have-

Thou





SONNET. IIII.

Thou paine, the onely guest of loath'd constraint, the child of cursie, mans weakenes softer child, brother to woe, and Father of complaint, thou paine, thou lothed paine from heaven exilde; How hold it thou her whose eies constraint doth feare, who curst, doth blesse, who weakneth vertues arme, who others woes and plaints can chastly heare, in whose sweet heave, angels of hie thoughts swarm What courage strange hath caught thy catise hart? Fear it not a face that oft whole harts deuours? or art thou from about by play this part? and so no helpe gainst enuie of those powers. If thus, alas; yet whilst those parts have we.

So stay her tongue that shee so more say no.

And





SONNET. V.

A ND have I heard her fay, o cruell paine, and doth the know what mould her beury beares? mournes shee in troth, & thinks that others faine? feares thee to feele, and feeles not others feares? O doth the thinke, all paine the mind forbeares, or on the earth no fierie sprits may moue, that eyes weepe worse then hart in bloody trares, that sence feeles more the what doth sence cotaine. No, no, the is-too wise, thee knowes her face, hath not such paine as it makes Lovers have: thee knowes the sickness of that perfect place: hath yet such health as it my life can faue.

But this shee thinks, our paides hie cause excuseth, where her who should rule paine, false paine abuses.





SONNET. VI.

S Ince fhunning paine, l'este can neuer finde, fince traffifol dread feeks wher he knows me harmd fince will is wonne, and stopped eares are charmd, fince force doth faint, & fight doth make me blind Since looking long, the fafter full I binde, fince naked fenceran conquerreason armde, fince hart in chilling feare with Ice is warmd in fine, fince strife of thought but marre the mind, I yeeld (o Love) vnto thy loathed yokes Yer craning law of armes, whose rule doth reach, that hardly vid who ever pryfon broke, in iuftice quit of honce made no breach : Whereas if a gratefull Gardian have, Thou art my Lord, and I thy vowed flaue.







SONNET. VII.

Hen Loue puft vp with rage of hie distaine, resolu d to make mee patterne of his thight, like soe whose wits inclind to deadly spight, would often kill to breede more feeling paine. He would not armde with beautie onely raigne, on those effects that easely yeeld to fight but vertue sets so hie, that reasons light for all his strife can onely bondage gaine; So that I live to pay a mortall fee, dead-palsey sicke of all my chiefest parts, like those whom dreames make ougly monsters see, and cry, ô helpe, with naught but grones & starts. Longing to have, having no will to with, To stammering minds such is good copies distribution.





SONNET. V111.

N wonted walkes fince wonted fancies change, fome cause there is which of strange cause doth rife. for in each thing warreto mine eye doth range, part of my paine mee feemes ingraued lies. The rocks which were of constant minds the marke,

in climbing steepe, now hard refusall shoe : the shadie woods seeme now my funne to darke, and stately hills disdaine to looke so low.

The reftfull caues, now reftleffe visions give, in dales I see each way a hard affent : · like late mowne meades, late cut from ioy I liue, alas, fweet Brookes doe in my teares augment. Rocks, woods, hils, caues, dales, meades, brooks answer Infected mindes infect each thing they fee. (mee.







SONNET. IX.

And yet my forrowes thou dooft hold viriust.





SONNET. X.

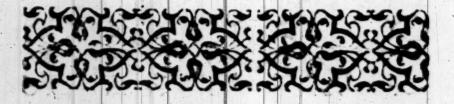
who on blind Fortunes picture doted so, that when he could not buy it to his bed, on it he gazing died for very wo.

My Fortunes picture art thou flintie Dame, that settest golden apples to my sight, but wilt by no meanes let mee tast the same: to drowne in sight of land is double spight.

Of Fortune as thou learn' est to be vnkind, so learne to be vnconstant to distaine: the wirtiest women are to sport inclind, honor is pride, and pride is naught but paine.

Let others boast of choosing for the best, Tis substances, nor names must make vs blest.

The





The fourth Decad.

SONNET. 1.

N Eedes must I leave, and yet needes must I love, in vaine my wit doth tell in verse my woe, dispayre in me disdaine in thee dooth slice, how by my wit I doe my folly prone:

All this my hart from love can never move.

love is not in my hart, no Lady no, my hart is love it selfe, till I forgoe my hart. I never can my love remove.

How can I then leave love? I doe intend not to crave grace, but yet to wish it still.

Not to prayle thee, but beauty to commend, and so by beauties prayse, prayse thee I will.

For as my hart is love, love not in mee, So beauty thou, beauty is not in thee.

Sweete





SONNET. 11.

S Weete Soueraigne, fith so many minds remaine obedient subjects at thy beauties call, so many harts bound in thy haires as thrall, so many eyes die with one lookers distaine, Goe seeke the honour that doth thee pertaine, that the fift Monarchie may thee befall.

Thou hast such meanes to conquer men withall, as all the world must yeeld, or els be slaine.

To fight, thou need'st no weapons but thine eyes, thine haire hath gold enough to pay thy men, and for their foode, thy beauty will suffise.

For men and armour, (Lady) care haue none, For one will sooner yeeld vnto thee then When he shall meete thee naked all alone.

When





SONNET. 111.

they fly among themselves; ô happy wee, which ever shall so rare an object see: but happy hart, if thoughts lesse happy were, For their delights have off my hart sail dere, in whom of lone a thousand eauses be, and each cause breeds a thousand loves in me, and each love more then thousand harts can beare, How can my hart so many loves then hold, which yet (by heapes) increase from day to day? but like a shyp that's overcharg'd with gold, must either sinke, or have the gold away.

But hurle not love: thou can't not seeble hart.

In thine owne blood, thou therefore drowned art.

Dr. Fooles





SONNET. 1111.

P Ooles be they that inueigh gainst Mahomet, who's but a morrall of loues Monarchie: by a dull Adamant, as straw by let, he in an yron chest was drawne on hie.

In midst of Mecas temple roofe, some say, he now hangs, without touch or stay at all; That Mahomet is shee to whom I pray, (may nere man pray so vnessetuall)

Mine eyes, loues strange exhaling Adaments, vnwares to my harts temples height haue raught the yron Idoll that compassion wants, who my oft teares and trauels sets at naught.

Iron hath beene trans-formd to gold by arte, Her face, lymmes, stell, and all gold, saue her hart. Ready





SONNET. V.

my Mistres gan to smooth her gathered browes,
whereby I am reprived for a space:
ô Hope & Feare, who halfe your tormets knowes?
It is some mercie in a black mouth'd ludge,
to haste his prysoners end, if he must die.
Decre, if all other favour you shall grudge,
doe speedie execution with your eye.
With one sole looke, you leave in me no soule,
count it a losse to lose a faithfull slave;
would God that I might heare my last bell toule,
so in your bosome I might dig my grave.
Doubtfull delay is worse then any fever,
Or helpe me soone, or cast me off for ever.





SONNET. VI.

chât is, newe deathes: no maruell then though I make exile my last helpe; to th'end mine eye should not behold the death to me assignd.

Not that from death absence might saue my minde, but that it might take death more patiently: like him the which by ludge cond mned to die, to suffer with more ease, his eyes doth blind.

Your hippes (in scattet clad) my ludges be, pronouncing sentence of eternall no:

Dispaire the trangman that tormenteth me, the death I suffer, is the life I have;

For onely lifedoth make me die in woe,

And onely death I for my pardon crane.

The





SONNET. VII.

The richest relique Rome did euer view,
was Casars tombe, on which with cunning hand
loves tryple honours the three faire Graces stands
telling his vertues in their vertues true.
This Rome admir'd: but deerest Deere, in you dwelleth the wonder of the happiest land.
And all the world to Nepeumes furthest strand.
For what Rome shapt, hath living life in John and thine exerts to heare complaints are open laided to thine eyes kind lookes, repute all paines I proue.
That of my death I date not thee accuses in 2011 and But, pryde in me that bases chaunce refuse.

D 3





SONNET. VIII.

Why thus vniustly, say my cruell fate,
doost thou adjudge my lucklesse eyes and hart?
The one to live exild from that sweet smart
where th'other pines, imprisond without date.
My lucklesse eyes must never more debate,
of those bright beames that east my love apart:
and yet my hart, bound to them with loves dart,
must there dwell ever, to bemone my state.
O had mine eyes beene suffred there to rest,
often they had my harts vnquiet east,
or had my hart with banishment been bless,
mine eye with beautie never had beene pleased;
But since these crosse effects hath fortune wrought,
Dwell hart with her, eyes view her in my thought.





SONNET. IX.

OFt haue I mus'd, but now at length I finde, why those that die, men say they doe depart; depart a word so gentle to my minde, weakely did seeme to paint deaths ougly dart.

But now the stars, with their strange course do binde mee one to leaue, with whom I leaue my hart.

I heare a cry of spyrits faint and blind, that parting thus, my cheefest part I part.

Part of my life, the loathed part to mee, liues to impart my weary day some breath: but that good part wherein all comforts bee, now dead, doe show departure is a death.

Yea worse then death, death parts both woe & ioy, From ioy I part, still living in annoy.





SONNET. X.

H Ope, like the Hyenna comming to be old, alters his shape, is turn'd into dispaire:
pitty my hoarie hopes, maid of cleere mould.
thinke not that frownes can ever make thee faire.
What harme is it to kille, to laugh, to play?
Beauties no blosome if it be not vs'd sweet daliance keepeth wrinkles long away, repentance followes them that have refus'd.
To bring you to the knowledge of your good,
I seeke, I sue, ô try and then beleeve,
each Image can be chast thats caru'd of wood:
you show you live when men you doe releeve.
Iron with wearing shines, rust wasteth treasure,
On earth but love there is no other pleasure.

The

300.





The fifth Decad.

SONNET. 1.

A Ye mee poore wretch, my prayer is turnd to sinne,
I say I loue, my Mistres saies us lust:
thus most wee loose, where most wee seeke to win,
wit will make wicked what is nere so just.

And yet I can supplant her false surmise.

Lust is a fire, that for an howre or twaine gyueth a scorching blaze, and then he dies.

Loue, a continual fornace doth maintaine.

A fornace, well this a fornace may be call'd, for it burnes inward, yeelds a fmothering flame, fighes which like boyld leads fmoking vapor feald. I figh a pace at eccho of fighes name.





SONNET. II.

Doe not now complaine of my difgrace, o cruell fayre one, fayre with cruell croft:
nor of the hower, feason, time nor place, nor of my foyle for any freedom lost;
Nor of my courage by missortune daunted, nor of my wit, by ouer-weening strooke, nor of my fence, by any sounde inchaunted, nor of the force of fierie poynted hooke.
Nor of the steele that sticks within my wound, nor of my thoughts, by worser thoughts defae'd, nor of the life I labour to confound;
But I complaine, that beeing thus disgrac'd,
Fyerd, feard, frantick, fetterd, shot through, slaine,
My death is such as I may not complaine.





SONNET. III.

I F euer forrow spoke from soule that loues, as speakes aspirit in a man possest, in mee her spirit speakes, my soule it moues, whose sigh swolne words breed whirlwinds in my Or like the eccho of a passing bell, (brest which sounding on the water, seemes to how le: so rings my hart a feareful heauie knell, and keepes all night in confort with the Owle. My cheekes with a thin Ice of teares is clad, mine eyes like morning starres are bleer dand red: what resteth then but I be raging mad, to see that shee, (my cares cheese conduit head) When all streames els help quench my burning hart, Shuts vp her springs, and will no grace impart.





SONNET. 1111.

You shores for sken, and you sounding rocks:
it ever groning hart hath made you yeeld,
or words halfe spoke that sence in prison locks,
Then mongst night shadowes whisper out my death;
that when my selfe hath seald my lips fro speaking,
each tell-tale eccho with a weeping breath,
may both record my trueth, & true loves breaking.
You prettic flowers that smile for Sommers sake,
pull in your heads before my wattie eyes
doe turne the Medowes, to a standing lake:
by whose vntimely sloodes your glory dies.
For loe, mine hart resolu'd to moystning ayre,
Feedeth mine eyes, which doubles teare for teare.

His





SONNET. V.

His shadow to Nateissawell presented how faire hee was by such attracting love: so it thou would st thy selfe thy beauty prove, vulgar breath-myrrors might have wel contented, And to theyr prayers eternally consented.

Othes, vowes, & sighes, if they beliefe might move, but more thou forst, making my pen aprove, thy praise to all, least any had disented.

With this hath wrought, y which before wert known but wroto some, of all art now required, & thine eies wonders wrong d, because not shown the world, with daily orizons desired.

Thy chast faire gifts, with learnings breath is blowne, And thus my pen hath made thy sweetes admired.





SONNET. VI.

J Am no modell figure, or signe of care,
but his eternall harts consuming essence,
in whom griefes comentaries written are,
drawing grosse passion into pure quintessence.
Not thine eyes fire, but fire of thine eyes disdaine,
fed by neglect of my continuall greening,
attracts the true lines spirit of my paine,
and gives it thee, which gives mee no releeving.
Within thine armes sad Eligies I sing,
vnto thine eyes a true hart love torne lay I,
thou smell'st from me the savours sorrowes bring,
my teares to tast my trueth, to touch display I.
Loe thus each sence (deere faire one) I importune,
But beeing care, thou styest mee as ill fortune.







SONNET. VII.

B Vt beeing care, thou flyest mee as ill fortune.
Care the consuming canker of the mind,
the discord that disorders sweet harts tune,
th'abortiue bastard of a coward mind:

The light-foote lackie that runnes post by death, bearing the Letters which contains our end, the busie advocate that sells his breath, denouncing worst to him is most his friend.

O Deere, this care no intrest holdes in mee, but holy care, the Gardiant of thy saire, thine honors champion, and thy vertues see, the zeale with ee from barbarus times shall beate.

This care am I, this care my life hath taken, Deere to my soule, then leave me not forsaken.

Decre





SCNNET. VIII.

Dere to my foule, then leave me not forfaken, flie not, my hart within thy bosome sleepeth: even from my selfe and sence I have betaken, mee vnto thee, for whom my spirit weepeth.

And on the shoare of that falt teams sea, couch'd in a bed of vn. tene seeming pleasure, where, in imaginarie thoughts thy faire selfe lay, but being wakt, robd of my lines best treasure. I call the heavens, ayre, earth, & seas, to heare my love, my trueth, and black distaind estate: bearing the rocks with bellowings of dispaire, which still with plaints my words reverberate. Sighing, alas, what shall become of me?

Whilst Eccho cryes, what shall become of me.

Whilf





SONNET. IX.

And defolate my defolations pitry.

thou in thy beauties charack firt'st to see
my tragick down-fall, and my funerall ditty.

No Tymbrell, but my hart thou pay'st vpon,
whose strings are stretch'd vnto the hiest key,
the dyapazon love, love is the vnison,
in love, my life and labours wast away.

Onely regardlesse, to the world thou leav'st mee,
whilst slaine-hopes, turning fro the feast of sortow,
vnto Dispaire (their King) which nere deceives me,
captives my hart, whose blacke night hates y morAnd hee, in ruth of my distressed cry,

Plants mee a weeping starre within mine eye.

Eı

Prome





SONNET. X.

from heavens King, was judg'd eternall death, in selfe same stame with varieting ire, bound fast to Caucasas lowe soote beneath.

So I, for stealing living beauties fire into my verse, that it may alwaies live, and change his formes to sliapes of thy desire, thou beauties Queene, selfe sentence like dost give. Bound to thy seete, in chaines of love I lie, for to thine eyes I never dare aspire, and in thy beauties brightness doe I fry, as poore Promethess in the sedding fire.

Which teares maintaine, as oyle the Lampe revives, Onely my succour in thy fauour lyes.

The



THE THE STATE OF T

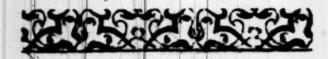
The fixth Decad.

SONNET. I.

One Sunne vnto myllues day gives true light, one Moone disolves my stormie night of woes, One flarre my fate and happy sortune shoes, One Saint I serve, one shrine with vowes I dight. One Sunne transfixt hath burnt my hart out-right, one Moone oppos'd, my love in darknes throes, one star hath bid my thoughts my wrongs disclose, Saints scorne poore swaines, shrines doe my vowes Yet if my love be found a holy sier, (no right. pure, vnstaind, without Idolatrie, and shee naythlesse, in hate of my desire, lives to repose her in my miserie.

My sunne, my moone, my star, my saint, my shrine, Mine be the torment, but the guilt be thine.





SONNET. 11.

To live in hell, and heaven to behold,
to welcome life, and die a living death,
to sweat with heate, and yet be freezing cold,
to graspe at startes, and lye the earth beneath;
To tread a Maze that never shall have end,
to burne in sighes, and starve in daily teares,
to clime a hill, and never to discend,
Gyanis to kill, and quake at childish seares;
To pyne for foode, and watch Thesperian tree,
to thirst for drinke, and Nectar still to draw,
to live accurst, whom men hold blest to bee,
and weepe those wrongs which never creature saw,
If this be love, if love in these be founded,
My hart is love, for these in it are grounded.





SONNET. III.

A Caruer, having lou'd too-long in vaine,
hewed out the portrature of Peness sonne
in Marble rocke, vpon the which did raine
small drizling drops, that from a fount did runne.
Imagining, the drops would eyther weare
his furie out, or quench his living flame.
But when hee saw it bootlesse did appeare,
hee swore the water did augment the same.
So, I that seeke in verse to carue thee out,
hoping thy beauty will my flame alay,
viewing my verse and Poems all throughout,
find my will, rather to my lone obey.
That, with the Caruer, I my worke doe blame,
Finding it still th'augmentor of my flame.

E. Astro-





SONNET. IIII.

A stronomers the beauens doe deuide,
into eight Houses, where the Gods remaines,
all which in thy perfections doe abide,
for in thy feete, the Queene of silence raignes,
About thy wast, towes mellenger doth dwell,
inchaunting mee as I thereat admire:
and on thy duggs, the Queene of loue doth tell
het god-heads power, in scrowles of my desire.
Thy beautie, is the worlds eternall Sunne,
thy fauours force a cowards hart to darre,
and in thy hayres, towe and his riches wunne;
thy frownes hold Saturne, thine eyes & fixed stars.
Pardon mee then divine to loue thee well,
Since thou are heaven, and I in heaven would dwell;
Wearie





SONNET. V.

There was hee not, nor boy, nor golden bow, yet as thou turnd thy chaft faire eye aside, a flame of fire did from thine eye alide, a flame of fire did from thine eye alide, a flame of fire did from thine eye lyds goe, where the fire did from thine eye alide, a flame of fire did from thine eye lyds goe, where the fire did from thine eye lyds goe, the burnt my hart through my fore-wounded fide. Then with a figh, reason made thoughts to cry, There is no God of loue, faue that thine eye.

For-





SONNET. VI.

fith tis thy felfe that flower my love diffrest, for fite exhald, in freezing clowder possest, warring for way, makes all the heavens exclaime.

Thy besutte fo, the brightest living slame, wrapt in my clowdie hart by winter prest, scorning to dwell within so base a nest, thunders in mee thine everlasting same.

O that my hart might still contains that fire, or that the fire would alwayes light my hart, then should'st thou not distaine my true defire, or thinke I wrong'd thee, to teneale my smart. For as the fire through freezing clowdes doth breake, So, not my selfe, but thou in mee would'st speake.

My





SONNET. VII.

MY hart, mine eye acculeth of his death,
iaying, his wanton tight bred his vnrest?

Mine eye affirmes, my harts vnconstant faith
hath beene his bane, and all his ioyes represt,

My hart anowes mine eye let in the fire,
which burnes him with an ener-lining light,
mine eye replyes, my greedy harts defire,
let in those floods we drownes him day and night.

Thus warres my hart, which reason doth maintaine,
and calls mine eye to combat if he darse:
the whilst my foole, impatient of disdaine,
wrings from his bondage vnto death more narre;
Saue that my lone, still soldeth him in band,

"A kingdome thus denided, cannot stand.

Vnhappy



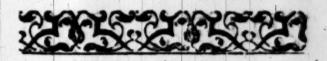


SONNET. VIII.

When first proud love my loyes away adjourning pour'd into mine eye, (to her eye turning) a dead'y loyee, write my greene thoughts gayson.

Prysoner I am veto the eye I gaze on, eternally my loves flame is in burning, a mortall shaft still wounds mee in my mourning; thus prisoned burnt & slain, y sprit y soule & reaso. What tids me then, since these paines to annoy mee, in my dispaire are ever-more increasing? the more I love, lesse is my paines releasing, that cursed be the fortune which destroyes me. The hower, the month, the season and the cause, When love first made me thrall to lovers lawes.





SONNET. IX.

Oue have I followed al too-long naught gaining, and figh'd I have in vaine to sweet what smarteth; but from his bow a fiery arrow parteth, thinking that I should him resist, not playning.

But cowardly my hart submisse remaining, yeelds to receive what shaft thy faire eye darteth; well doe I see thine eye, my bale imparteth, and that save death no hope I am detaining.

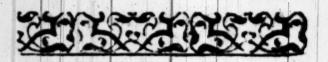
For what is he can alter Fortunes slyding?

one in his bed consumes his life away, other in warres, another in the sea, the like effects in mee have theyr abiding.

For heavens avowed my fortune should be such, That I should die by louing farre too much.

My





SONNET. X.

MY God, my God, how much I loue my goddesse, whose vertues rare, vnto the heavens arise, my God, my God, how much I loue her eyes, one shining bright, the other full of hardnes.

My God, my God, how much I loue her wisdome, whose words may ravish heavens richest Maker, of whose eyes joyes, if I might be pertaker, then to my soule a holy rest would come.

My God, how much I loue to heare her speake, whose hands I kisse, and ravisht oft rekisseth, who shads wotlesse who so much she blisseth. Say then what mind this honest toue wold breake, Since her perfections pure withousen blot, Makes her belou'd of them sheet knoweth not?

The





The seauenth Decad.

SONNET. 1.

THE first created, held a loyous bower, a flowring fielde, the worlds fole wonderment, hyght Paradise, from whence a womans power, entic'd him fall to endlesse banishment.

This, on the banks of Euphrases did stand, till the first Mooner by his wondrous might, planted it in thine eyes, thy face, thy hands,

from whence the world receives his fairest light.
Thy checks cotaines choice flowers, thy eyes two suns, thy hands the fruite that no life blood can staine, and in thy breath, that heavenly musick wons, which whe y speak st. Angels their voyces straines.

As from the first, thy sexe excled mee,

So to this next, let mee be call'd by ther.

Fayre





SONNET. 11.

Thou Paradie, thou onely heaven I know, what influence hath bred my hateful woe, that I from thee and them am forst to fall?

Thou falne from mee, from thee I never shall, although my fortunes thou hast brought so loc, yet shall my faith and service with thee goe, for live I doe, on heaven and thee to call.

Banisht all grace, no Graces with mee dwell, compeld to muse, why Muses from mee slye, excluded heaven, what can remaine but hell? exil'd from Paradise, in hate I lye.

Cursing my starres, albe I find it true, I lost all these when I lost love and you.

What





SONNET. III.

Loue in his glory? no, him Thys saw,
and stoode the boy, whilst hee his darts did draw,
whose painted pride to baser swaines he tell'd.

Saw I two sunnes? that sight is seene but seld,
yet can their broode that teach the holy law
gaze on their beames, and dread them not a straw,
where princely lookes are by their eyes repeld.

What saw I then? doubtlesse it was Amen,
arm'd with strong thunder & a lightnings stame,
who bridgroome like, with power was riding than
meaning that none should see him when he came.
Yet did I gaze, and thereby caught the wound
Which burnes my harr, and keepes my body sound.
When





SONNET. 1111.

Hen tedious much, and ouer-wearie long, cruell discaine, reflecting from her brow, hath beene the cause that I endur'd such wrong, and rest thus discontent, and wearie now.

Yet when posteritie in time to come, shall finde th'yncanceld tenor of her vow, and her discaine be then consest of some, how much vnkind, and long I finde it now.

O yet euen then, (though then will be too late to comfort mee, dead many a day ere then) they shall consesse I did not force her hart, and tyme shall make it knowne to other men, That nore had her discaine made mee dispaire, Had she not beene so excellently faire.

Had





SONNET. V.

my Muse had heuer mound in lines of woe,
but I did too too inestinable way her,
and that's the cause I now lament me for
(complaints may ease the minde, but that it all,)
therefore though shee too confantly distains mee
I can but sight and greene, and so I shall?
Yet greene I not, because I must greene ener,
and yet (alas) waste teares away in vaine,
I am resoluted, trucky to perfener,
though then persisted in her olde distains.
But that which grieves mee most, is that Tree,
Those which most faire, the most vakindest bee.





SQNNET. VI.

Thus long imposed to everlasting plaining,
(durinely constant to the worthiest Fayte)
and mooved by eternally disdayning,
aye to persever in wakind despayer:
Because now, Silence, weatily confinder
in tedious dying: and a domberestraint,
Breakes forth in teares from mine vnable mind,
to ease her passion by a poore complaint.
O doe not sherefore to thy selfe suggest
that I can greeve, to have immur'd so long.
Vpon the matter of mine owne vnrest:
such greese is not the tenor of my song,
that byde so zealously so bad a wrong.

My greese is this: vnlesse 1 speake and plaine mee,
Thou wilt persever, ever to disdaine mee

Thou





SONNET. VII.

Thou wilt perfeder, ever to distante mee; and I shall then dye, when thou wilt repent it: ô doe not therefore from complaint restraine mee, and take my life from mor, to mee that lent it.

For whilst these accents, weepingly express in humble lynes, of reverences zeale. Have iffue to complaint, from mine vnrest they but thy beauties wonder shall remeale.

And though the greevest Muse, of some other Lover, (whose lesse decorrison to discover, how little pittifult, and how much vnkind, they other (not so werehy beauties) find.

O I not so, but seeke with humble prayer, Mexics how to mooue th' vnmercifullest fayre.





SONNET. VIII.

A S drawes the golden Meteor of the day,
Exhaled matter from the ground, to heaven,
and by his fecret nature, there doth flay
the thing fall held, and yet of hold because,
So by th'attractive excellence, and might,
borne to the power of thy transparant eyes,
drawne from my felle, raudhe with thy delight,
whose durabe conseits divinely grangee:
Loe, in suspence of feare, and hope, veholden,
diversly poyzid, with passonathat paine mee,
no resolution dares my thoughts imbolden,
since its not I, but thou that dook sustaine mee.
O if ther's note but thou can worke my wot,
Wilt thou bestill volting and kill mee so:





SONNET. IX.

whose humbled vowes, with forrowful apeale, doe still persist, and did so long agoe intrease for piety, with so pure a zeale?

Suffise the world shall, (for the world can say)

How much thy power bath power, & what is can, neuer was victor-hand yet moou'd to slay: the rendred captine, or the yedding man.

Then ô: why should thy woman-shought impose death and disdaine on him that yeelds his breath, to free his soule, from discontent, and wors: and humble facrifice to a certaine death?

O since the world knowes, what the power can doe, What were for thee to save and lone meets?





SONNET. X.

I Mete not mine, by others discontent,
for none compares with mee in true denotion,
yet though my teares and sighes to her be spent,
her cruell hart disclaines what they doe motion,
Yet though persisting in eternall hate,
to agranate the cause of my complaying,
her furie note confineth with a date,
I will not crass to love for her disclaining.
Such punic thoughts of variefolded ground,
whose inaudacitie dates but base conceite,
in mee, and my love, never shall be found;
those coward thoughts vaworthy minds awaite:
But those that love well, have not yet begun,
Perseuer ever, and have never done.

Perseuer.



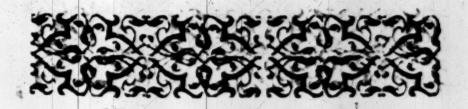


The eyght Decad.

SONNET. 1.

P Erseuer euer, and haue neuer done.
You weeping accent of my weare song,
O doe not you eternall passions shunne,
but be you true, and cuerlasting long.
Say that shee doth requite you with distaine,
yet fortisted with hope, endure your fortune;
though cruell now, shee will be kinde againe,
such haps as those, such loues as yours importune.
Though shee protests the faithfullest seuence,
inexecrable beautie is insticting:
Kindnesse (in time) will pitty your uncerety,
though now it be your fortunes interdicting.
For som can say, whose loues have known tike passio,
Women are kind by kind, and coy for fashon.

Giue





SONNET. 11.

Glue Period to my matter of complaining,
faire wonder of our times admiring eye:
and entertaine no more thy long dildaining.
Or give mee leave (at last) that I may dye.
For who can have, perpetually secluded
from death to life, that loather her discontent?
Lesse by some hope seducingly deluded,
such thoughts aspyre to fortunate event:
But I, that nowe have drawne Mal-pleasant breath,
vnder the burden of thy cruell hate,
ô I must long, and linger after death,
and yet I dare not give my life her date.
For if I dye, and thou repent t'have slaine mee,
T'will





SONNET. 111.

T'will grieue me more the if thou didit distaine me, that I should die, and thou because I dye so: and yet to die, it should not know to paine me, if cruell Beauty were content to bid so

Death, to my life: life, to my long dispaire, prolong'd by her: given to my love and dayes: are meanes to tell how truely the is faire, and I can die to testifie her praise:

Yet not to die though fairenes mee despiseth, is cause why in complaint I thus persever, though Death mee and my love imparadizeth, by interdicting mee, from her for ever:

I doe not greeve that I am forst to die,

But die, to thinke your the reason, Why.

My





SONNET. IIIA

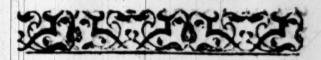
MY reares are true, though others be divine, and fing of warres, and Troys new rifing frame, meeting Heroick feete in every line, that tread high measures on the Scene of Fame.

And I though disaccustoming my Muse, and sing out low songs in an humble vaine, may one day raise my stile as others vie, and turne Elizon to a higher straine.

When reintombing from othus ages, in better stanzas her surviving wonder, I may opposed against the monster-rages that part desert, and excellence a sunder it That shee, (though coy) may yet survive to see Her beauties wonder lyues agained mee.

Some_





SONNET. V.

Omtimes in verse I praise, somtime in verse I sight; no more shall pen with love and beauty mell, but to my hart alone, my hart shall tell, how vnscene stames doe burne it day and night.

Least stames give light, light brings my love to sight, and my love prove my tollie to excell, wherefore my love burnes like the fire of hell, wherein is fire, and yet there is no light.

For if one never lou'd like mee, then why skillesse blames hee the thing hee doth not know? and hee that so hath lou'd should favour show, for hee hath beene a foole as well as I.

Thus shall hence-forth more paine more solly have, And solly past, may justly pardon crave.



E PRESENTA

A calculation upon the birth of an honourable

Lidies daughter, borne in the yeere,

1 5 8 8, and on a Friday.

Dayre by inheritance, whom borne wee fee, both in the wondrous yeere, and on the day wherein the fairest Planet beareth sway: the heavens to three this fortune doe decree.

Thou of a world of harts in time shalt be a Monarch great, and with one beauties ray so many hoasts of harts thy face shall slay, as all the rest (for love) shall yeeld to thee.

But even as alexander (when he knewe his Fathers conquests) wept, least he should leave no Kingdome vnto him for to subdue: fo shall thy mother three of praise bereave.

So many harts already shee hath slaine, As few behind to conquer shall remaine.

FINIS.



